

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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THE king's new body-guard with Gigi and William leading on the two spare horses made off in the direction of the army. It was a splendid cavalcade full of gay color and movement — splendid, yes, but there was one person who did not thrill to the sight of it. Back under the grim old walls stood Mary Jones with her hands over her face, weeping. It was too much to save a young monarch from the tower and then see him ride away without so much as a "Thank you, Mary." The little peasant girl had once read that kings, especially young ones, are ungrateful creatures; now she was sure of it. She uncovered her face just in time to see the cavalcade in their gorgeous uniforms — red, blue, green and yellow — drawn up in front of the troops. She could see old Gigi's lips move as he spoke to them. Then up went the general's hand, and in a mighty roar from hundreds of throats came the words:

"The King! Long live the King! Long live William, King of all the Bungalians!"

Mary saw William rise in his stirrups and doff his hat. Then came another tremendous roar: "King William forever! Long live the Smiths!"

Mary flushed with pride and then, remembering herself, stamped her foot. "Seems to me the Joneses ought to come in for a little of that!" she said to herself petulantly. "Didn't I save his life?"

As a matter of fact William was not in the least ungrateful; he was just excited. The first thing he did after the second burst of cheering was to dispatch an aide with an extra snow-white horse back to the castle to fetch the little peasant queen.

It was remarkable how quickly Mary's



"All the courtiers drew their swords, and William kissed the Queen's hand."

His Majesty William Smith

* By Russell Gordon Carter

CHAPTER X

tears vanished as she spied the extra horse. In a moment she was mounted, and the next instant, it seemed, she was beside William and Gigi, and the troops were cheering the union of the House of Smith with the House of Jones.

In the impressive silence that followed, old Gigi's voice rang out loud and clear: "Attention! Forward march!"

Never before was such perfect marching seen in the mighty realm of Bungalia. What a spectacle it was! First came William and Mary side by side on white horses; a little way behind came

Gigi on a black horse; and behind him rode the royal body-guard. Then came the infantry, rank upon rank, chins up, eyes front and — wonder of wonders! — everybody in step. Straight toward Strifegrad they marched in forceful grandeur, the finest army Bungalia had ever seen! The capital city was in an uproar. People thronged the road and the streets.

General Gigi turned and gave a command, and the band crashed into "Here Comes the King!" To the thrilling strains of the old royal tune the army marched down the main street to the palace. Cheer upon cheer rose as William and Mary entered the vast courtyard, where virtually the whole populace had hurriedly gathered.

Coronation Day — day of feasting and of gladness! Forgotten was all strife and discord. People walked and talked with light hearts, no longer fearing for the clothes on their backs. Peace had come to Bungalia! Peace had come at last. Long live the King! And long live the Queen! And wasn't the young king a true democrat to pick a queen from among the peasants!

William and Mary, surrounded by old Gigi and the well-paid and high-ranking bodyguard, mounted the coronation platform. And then in the solemn silence it was the old general that crowned first Mary and then William.

When the ceremony had been duly blessed by a little white-robed chaplain, all the courtiers drew their swords and raised them on high, and then William kissed the Queen's hand.

"Now," said William, raising his voice, "let us all feast and be merry!"

At that moment Captain Jellynek and a squad of men made their way from the direction of the main gate; in the midst

of them were all of the privy councillors, looking humble and sad.

"Your Majesty," said Gigi, "here are the five arch-traitors. What's to be done with them?"

William's reply was somewhat startling: "Send them to the royal kitchen and have them bake more mince pies; and see to it, Gigi, that every one of those pies has a large M and a large W on the crust. The King has spoken!"

A great burst of cheering and laughter from the courtiers and peasants showed that they approved of the decree. The applause continued until Captain Jellynek and his prisoners were out of sight.

"A clever stroke!" whispered the Duchess of Dux to the Countess of Cax. "Twere too bad to darken the occasion by hanging them!"

"The first king with brains Bungalia has ever had," replied the countess. "And by the way, duchess, isn't the little Jones girl pretty?"

"Just the way I used to look when I was her age," said the duchess dreamily.

As soon as the ceremonies were over, and the peasants and nobles had cheered the king and queen until everyone was hoarse, the feasting and merriment began. In the kitchen the five privy councillors, subdued at last and not a little grateful toward the King for their lenient sentence, were working like scullery maids — aprons over their black coats, their cuffs turned up, and white caps on their heads. And out came the mince pies, great stacks of them carried by the kitchen boys, who distributed them in the courtyard — and each pie was marked with the royal initials, which of course gave it a better flavor.

Then there was dancing — quaint reels by the peasants, gay waltzes and dignified minuets by the nobles and their ladies. The young king and queen danced first together and then with the peasants and nobles. William joined enthusiastically in the reels and managed to get mixed up each time, but Mary was always close at hand to help him out; she considered that one of her duties as queen, to get the king out of difficulties.

Then there was more feasting, followed by a parade and more dancing, which in turn were followed by more feasting, and every minute the king became more popular, especially with the hungry peasants.

"Gigi," said William during a breathing moment in the festivities, "is the *Flora* at hand?"

"Yes, Your Majesty, she's at anchor off the King's Wharf. The captain is tired of fishing."

"Good," said William. "Mary and I are tired too, and we should like to take a little pleasure trip."

"It would be a good idea for Your Majesties to honor the navy with your presence," said the general.

"Very well, Gigi; you look after things while we're away."

"Your Majesty can depend on me!" declared Gigi. "And if you don't mind," he added, "I think I'll keep the privy councillors in the scullery."

"As you wish," was the reply; "they certainly know how to make mince pies!"

Toward the end of the day William and Mary managed to slip down to the water front and board the *Flora*, and in a few minutes the vessel was on her way down the river. The king and queen chose two comfortable deck chairs and sat watching the beautiful Bungalian hills. The excitement of the past few days had been too much for poor Mary; even as William was talking to her, her golden head nodded, her blue eyes closed, and she fell fast asleep. William smiled to himself, yawned a kingly yawn and stretched out in the chair; in a moment he, too, was fast asleep.

A shaft of early-morning sunlight wakened William. He rubbed his eyes, feeling as if he had been asleep for a very long time. Then he sat up. To his surprise the Bungalian hills were not in sight. He blinked several times; then in a flash he realized where he was. He was not in Bungalia at all, but in his bed at home! He frowned and then smiled faintly. "I — I guess I must have been dreaming," he said half aloud. "And yet —"

He wasn't at all sure. There was the place on the floor where old General Gigi had first stood when he had entered the room. There was the window by which they had departed together in the rain. Vividly the boy recalled everything that had happened since he had first set foot on the Bungalian battleship — his arrival in the little kingdom, his first meeting with the privy councillors, the banquets, the capture and escape from the castle, the coronation, the great feast — everything. How could he possibly have dreamed all that? And Mary Jones, the little peasant girl, what of her?

William sat in bed and pondered. No, it couldn't have been merely a dream; it all seemed too real.

At last he rose and dressed and descended to breakfast. His father and mother were already at the table, talking, and something that his father was saying caused William to halt outside the door.

"Yes," declared Mr. Smith, slapping his newspaper, "it is astonishing, perfectly astounding in fact! The whole thing settled overnight! Never heard of anything like it in the Balkans before — can't quite understand it. Old military man, a general, marched the army into the capitol, slapped the scheming politicians in jail, sent for the nephew of the old king — a mere boy — and put him on the throne. Immediately all rioting ceased!"

"Herbert, don't let your eggs get cold," cautioned Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Smith folded his newspaper. "Well, I can't understand it," he repeated. "Nor will the doctor either, I guess. Seems as if somehow there must have been more to it than what's in the paper."

William entered and, after the morning greeting, sat down at the table. But his eyes had a far-off look; he was seeing the Bungalian army lined up outside the capital and the quaintly-dressed people waving their arms and shouting over the union of the House of Jones and the House of Smith. He was seeing old Gigi and Sapp and the other ministers and little Mary Jones, the peasant queen, who looked so much like Dr. Jones's little girl, but who had lived all her life in Bungalia. No, it couldn't possibly have been just a dream!

That evening Dr. Jones called, and he and Mr. Smith continued their diagnosis of the little kingdom, which now, fortunately, seemed to have taken a great turn for the better.

"There must be more to it," declared the doctor at last. "We haven't got the whole story yet."

"Just what I said this morning," declared Mr. Smith. "There must be more to it. I notice the evening papers say the young king has suddenly disappeared —"

William smiled to himself. It seemed to him marvelous, almost unbelievable. While he was dreaming of brave deeds and revolution in the little kingdom on the Danube, the revolution had actually occurred!

THE END

The Happy Little Trail

BY MARJORIE SKIFF ROSE

There's a teasing little, twisting little, tantalizing trail

That frolics up a canyon where the pine boughs bend,

Where aspens, all a-patter, twinkle green-gold in the gale;

And, oh, some blue-skied, magic day, I'll follow to its end!

There's a laughing brook, I know, that plays at hide-and-seek all day,

For I hear the chiming, chiming of its fairy waterfalls;

Ferny grottoes to explore; and though I long to stay,

There's always something 'round the bend that lures me on and calls.

And sometimes I think my little life is like that joyous trail

Through the pine-sweet, sun-bathed woodland where the hermit-thrushes sing,

When something 'round the rocky bend cries, "Come!" I will not fail,

For who knows what awaits me there of glad adventuring?

How Birds Care for Their Young

By L. W. Brownell



A Flicker at Nest Hole with Dinner

THE life of birds is far from being the one long, care-free round of singing and pleasure that we are apt to imagine, especially during the spring season, for, from the time that the nest is started until the time when their last young one is able to care for itself, their days are filled with real work.

It is work, however, that they undertake with complete cheerfulness. It probably does not seem at all hard to them, they are such happy little creatures, and to us, who watch them, it seems as though they were doing nothing but play. But let us watch them carefully and we shall soon learn that it is far from a playtime for them.

Their first duty is the building of the nest, which occupies from a week to ten days. Then the eggs are laid, and the number of these which one bird lays varies from one, in the case of some of the sea-birds, to as many as twenty to twenty-five in the case of our little Bob-white. The eggs are laid one on each succeeding day until the litter is complete.

Then commences a tedious time for the little mother, for she must closely cover her treasures until they hatch, never leaving them for more than a few minutes at a time lest they cool too much and kill the young bird inside. Sometimes the father bird helps at this job but more often his only duties during this period

are to supply his mate with food, sing to her from some nearby branch, and keep a sharp outlook for the approach of any enemy.

It is when the period of incubation is over and the young are hatched that both birds must work hard every minute of their time in order to keep their youngsters supplied with the food which is their ever-increasing demand.

Young birds are almost literally born with their mouths open crying for food, and no matter how much the parent birds force down their throats they are always anxious for more. It has been estimated that a young bird will eat nearly the equal of its own weight in twenty-four hours. All of this food must, of course, be carried to them by their parents, and as each of the young is fed upon an average of once every eight or ten minutes during the day, and as the old birds must also feed themselves in the meantime we can easily understand that their time must be pretty well occupied searching for the necessary food to satisfy all. I have many times watched, for several hours at a stretch, a pair of parent birds feeding their young and have never ceased to wonder that the young could hold so much and where the birds managed to find it all.

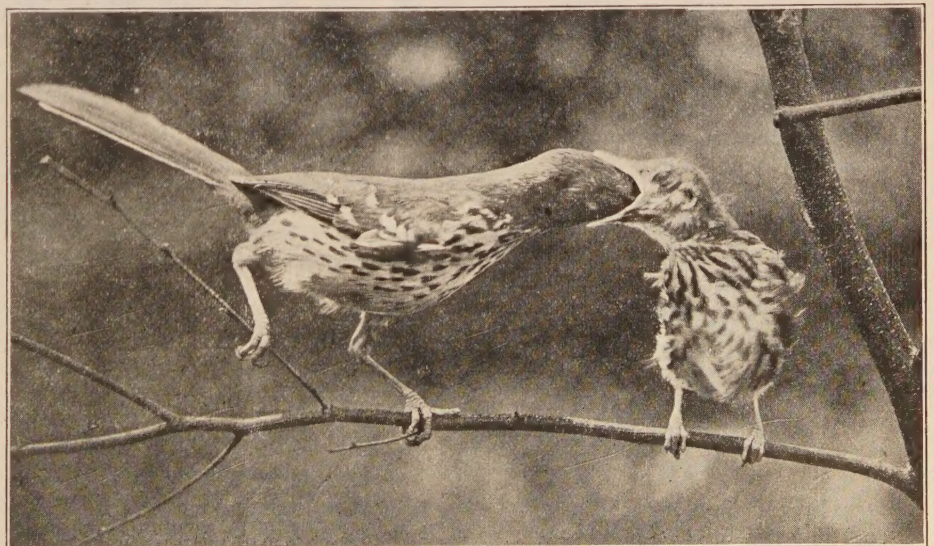
The food of nearly all young birds consists of insects. For the first two or three days of their lives the food must be given to them in a partially digested condition, pumped into their mouths directly from their parents' crops. With some birds, as the herons, this regurgitation, as it is called, is used until the young are almost able to care for themselves. The little humming-bird is a good example of this manner of feeding. To one who, for the first time, sees one of these birds feeding its young, it must

seem as though the old bird were intent upon murdering its offspring. She dashes at him in an apparently absolutely reckless manner and jabs her bill down his throat until it seems as though he must be impaled upon it. Far from being frightened, however, the youngster enjoys the operation and holds tightly to his mother's bill while she goes through violent contortions in her effort to give him the last drop of food which her crop contains.

The flicker, which belongs to the woodpecker family, gives another good example of this method. The old bird collects enough ants and other small insects to compose a square meal and these, by the time she has reached her nest, are partially digested. As soon as she arrives, the young scramble for the entrance of the nesting hole and the first one there, of course, receives first attention. She thrusts her bill down his throat and, with the same drumming motion as she uses when hammering upon a tree, she pumps part of the contents of her stomach into his. So violent is the motion that it is with considerable difficulty that the young one retains his hold, but no sooner has he dropped off, temporarily satisfied, than another is ready to take his place and so it goes on until all are fed or the supply exhausted.

The pelicans, those huge water birds of the south and west, are fish eaters and obtain their food by plunging into the sea and catching fish in the large pouch which hangs from the lower mandible of their bill. The old bird, having caught a supply of fish, returns to her nest where the young are invited in turn to thrust their heads well down the parent's throat and gobble their fill. Later, the fish are simply deposited in the nest and the young allowed to help themselves. As rather large fish are occasionally caught, and as the young birds are gluttons, it is no unusual sight to see a half-grown

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A Brown Thrasher Feeding her Young

THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, EDITOR,
16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.



THE BOOKSHELF

The Story of the Little Red Dwarf

A wise old minister said to his children, one day, "I want all you youngsters in church next Sunday morning at half-past nine. I've a story to tell you." When Sunday came the children were all there, and this is the story their minister told them:

"There was once a little red dwarf that lived in a cave on the side of a hill. 'Twas a beautiful cave in the side of the hill, where the greatest of all giants lived. The giant, you understand, lived at the top of the hill, and the dwarf close to the bottom. And the giant was *afraid* of the dwarf, be it known!

"The things that dwarf could do!

"He was bright red, himself, but he never came outside the doors of his cave. Not he.

"He sent out his soldiers to do whatever he willed. My, *they* were the boys! They could burn down a town while you blessed yourself, they were so quick and so wicked when they were set to it. The dwarf, you see, could be very wicked when he chose, and very, very good when he chose, too.

"But good and bad, he kept the giant at the top of the hill in a terrible bother. He had to keep at it day and night to get ahead of the little dwarf.

"For the worst thing about it all was that the dwarf's army was invisible. Not a hair of them could you ever see, and my! the mischief or the good works they could do! Just as the giant willed."

You see, the good man was teaching the children the power of their *tongues*. Not a bad sermon, was it?

What the Clover Said

BY JOSEPH C. ALLEN

We are Clover, blooming fair,
Loving, gentle Clover,
Lifting tender heads up where
Bees are flying over.

For the bees are dear to us,
And we give them honey
Often as they come to us
While the day is sunny.

"Handsome is that handsome does";
Ponies find us useful,
Giving more than pretty shows,
Food that's sweet and toothful.

So our lives in simple truth
And in quiet duty
Pass we, showing in good sooth
Service, love, and beauty.

Children of the Alps

All lovers of Heidi — and that surely means all who have read her story — will be interested to read about these other mountain children whose stories are told by the same author, Johanna Spyri. There are three stories in the volume. In "Francesca at Hinterwald," we learn about Chel who, left without mother or father, is considered the "bad boy" of the village, living no one knows where, and always in difficulty with the other children. Accused of having pushed "Bluefinch," the Watchman's goat, down the mountainside and breaking her leg, he is about to be confined in "The Pit" when he is rescued by the new teacher, Miss Francesca. She wins her way to his heart and Chel shows her his hiding place — a cave in the mountains — where he spends his time in trying to make pictures of the flowers which are all about him. Miss Francesca finally adopts him as her "son" and helps him to become a real artist.

The second story relates the adventures of Renzeli. After many trying experiences she meets her mother's good friend, the Baron, who cares for her as if she were his own daughter. Remembering the trials of her own early life, her greatest happiness comes from doing what she can for the less fortunate, and in this way she has won the name of "The Fairy of Intra."

The courage of Herbli, who ventured to play on his violin to a rather grim and disagreeable old man of whom nearly every one is afraid, and who refuses to leave when he is ordered to do so because he sees that the old man needs help, and how his courage is rewarded, is the theme of the third story, "Gay Little Herbli."

This volume, like *Robinson Crusoe of Paris*, is in the "Stories All Children Love" series.

Children of the Alps. By Johanna Spyri.
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The Mystery

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

I saw the King of the Leprechaun
In a dell where the moss grew green;
Astride a scarlet toadstool throne
He was tamping his wee dudeen;

Perhaps he dreamed of a twilight gray,
When, mounting a velvet bee,
He rode to weave the enchanted ring
Which childher alone may see;

Or, like, he lived, 'mid the wispy smoke,
In his graybeard father's rule —
A-courting Deirdre the Golden-Haired
By a shamrock-bordered pool;

Or mused of frolics, on summer eves
When the moon winked, mocking,
above:
Cows witched, crops blighted, of louts
who wore
The green the Little Folk love . . .

A quaint smile crinkled his elfin face
As the blue smoke flickering rose; —
But what himself was thinking about
Only a Little Man knows!

Roadside Beauty

BY ELLEN C. LLORAS

"IT'S just a pity to throw them away," remarked Nell, "but we've supplied the whole neighborhood with daisies and violets. I don't know of another soul that would take any."

"Let's put them by the roadside," suggested Ethel.

"Roadside?" Nell looked up, a bit surprised. "Oh, let's do," she agreed; "don't you remember that pretty, pretty bit of road we passed over last summer, just lined with flowers at each side?"

"Yes; and daisies and violets are such hardy things, I thought we might make our road pretty, too, for a little way without much trouble."

With that the girls took up every daisy and violet that could be spared from the neat home yard, and, armed with watering pot and dibble, set the plants in the more favored nooks they found along the roadside.

The results were not so marked that year, but the flowers held their own, and brought pleased comment from passersby as they began to bloom. The next year they had grown into hardy little clumps, and soon that road was one of the attractive drives visitors were sure to be shown.

"I'm so glad you thought of it, Ethel," remarked Nell, as they watched a group of children busily picking violets. "It was such an easy little thing to do, and yet it has given us roadside beauty that can easily be kept permanent, and will be enjoyed by everybody that passes by."

How Birds Care for Their Young

(Continued from page 205)

bird sitting with a fish tail protruding from its mouth while the head is slowly being digested.

The hawks, owls, etc., feed their young upon the small animals and birds which they catch and from which they tear small bits to thrust into the waiting mouths of their babies. These babies soon learn to tear the food for themselves and so the old birds merely bring it to the nest where they drop it and allow the young to fight among themselves for the tidbits.

Most birds, as soon as the young of their first brood have grown old enough to care for themselves, immediately set about the building of a new nest for a second brood. It is not at all unusual for a pair of birds to raise three broods in a season, so that, quite frequently, young birds may be found as late as September.

The love of their young is not always a well-developed trait in all birds. There are birds in Australia and other nearby islands that bury their eggs in mounds of decaying vegetation or in the sand and allow the heat of the sun to incubate

them and who never see their young after they are hatched. In this country the cowbird is an unnatural parent, laying its eggs in the nests of other birds that they may hatch it and rear the young bird. The English cuckoo has the same bad habit. Most birds, however, seem to have every affection for their offspring and will protect them against great odds, sometimes at the expense of their own lives. When the young have reached full growth and have received their last meal and lesson from their parents, they are sent forth into the world to shift for themselves, and the old birds immediately turn their attention to the next brood.

It is a very pretty sight to watch a mother bird teaching her young to take their first steps in the world. When the time has come for them to leave the nest she brings some especially fine morsel of food, with which to tempt them, and with low twitterings she coaxes them out of the nest and along the branch. Also, when, in her opinion, the time has come for them to learn to use their wings, she repeats the operation, this time from a separate branch, and by alternate scolding and coaxing she finally induces them to attempt the terrible feat.

McBeth whirled around quickly and came back. "I lost," he said bravely; "but I . . . I don't care." He tossed his head back and stood very straight.

"If you . . . if you want my garden," whispered Alta.

"Look here, Alta Eleanor," interrupted Uncle William, "it's to late to give that garden to him now."

"Oh, I don't want it," said McBeth; "and just to prove it I'll help Alta plant hers."

Uncle William patted him on the shoulder, "That's a good boy," he commended; "I'll help too," and the three of them went down the garden path together.

McBeth tried not to be sorry that he didn't have the sunny garden, but every time he looked across at the shadowy ground near the garage he had to bite his lips to keep them from quivering. "Alta's flowers will grow best," he thought; "the sun is what they need and my garden's all in the shade." But he didn't say a word. He spaded and hoed and helped all he could.

They worked until every one of Alta's seed packages was empty, and all the little seeds were safely planted in the ground.

"Now we'll help you," said Alta, who was feeling sorry for McBeth.

"Yes, we'll help him now," agreed Uncle William, but just then mother called,

"Dinner, dinner! Come at once. You can plant this afternoon."

Of course they hurried in, but the minute dinner was over, even before Alta and Uncle William were on the porch, McBeth rushed for his spade and ran to his garden.

In a minute he was back, excited and happy over what he had seen.

"Why, Uncle William, Uncle William," he called; "my garden has sun and — and Alta's is in the shade."

"Well, well, well!" laughed Uncle William, and the twins saw at once that he had known all along that that would happen. "You forgot," he said, "you both forgot that the sun is near the apple tree in the morning but by afternoon it creeps around to the garage. There really was nothing to quarrel about. Your mother gave you two sunny gardens."

"Oh, I'm so glad, McBeth!" said Alta Eleanor and she hugged her brother and Uncle William, too, before they started to plant the second garden.

A Game

BY BLANCHE BINGHAM CAMPBELL

Whenever it rains I just pretend That I'm a raindrop, too. I go outside and splash around, Do all the things they do.

We splash and run in the gutter, Jump up and down and sputter, And prance thru puddles spitter spatter, For when you're barefoot does it matter?

The Twins Plant a Garden

By Elsie M. Hubachek

THE twins rushed out of the house and down the garden path as fast as their little feet could carry them. Just beyond the apple tree McBeth stopped and dug his spade into the ground just as hard as he could.

"I got here first!" he shouted.

"No, you didn't. I got here just as quick as you did!" protested Alta Eleanor, and began to spade the ground, too.

"If I can't have my garden here I won't have any."

"Neither will I. This is my garden."

"Children, children!" chided Uncle William from the porch; "what are you quarreling about?"

"Alta won't let me plant my . . ."

"McBeth is spoiling my garden and . . ."

"Both of you come here this minute."

The twins looked at each other as cross as they could and then trudged back to the porch.

"Now, then, what's all the trouble about, Alta Eleanor?" asked Uncle William very seriously, because he did not like to have them quarrel.

Alta could hardly speak quickly enough, she had so many complaints to make. "I want to plant the seeds you gave me in my garden . . ."

"Well?"

"But McBeth won't let me. He says it's his garden and he wants to plant his seeds there and . . . and . . ."

"Dear me, what a fuss about nothing! Didn't mother say you could each have a garden? One near the apple tree and the other near the garage?"

"I don't want that old place near the garage," said McBeth; "there isn't any sun there."

"I don't want it, either," Alta began to pout. "Plants need sun, don't they, Uncle William?"

"Yes, yes," Uncle William answered thoughtfully; "plants need the sun. But we must settle this matter. Let me see . . . suppose you draw lots. The one who pulls the longest paper from this book will get the sunny garden and the other one must be satisfied with the place near the garage. Now there is just one thing that must be understood before we begin. The one who loses mustn't grumble . . . I hate a bad loser; and the one who wins mustn't feel too proud."

The twins looked at each other and then at Uncle William. He was very serious. There was nothing to do but say "Yes." They turned their backs while he carefully put the paper slips into the book.

"Ready," said Uncle William finally. "Pull together."

Slowly they pulled the slips. They were very quiet about it. Then Alta began to smile. She had the long slip. McBeth crumbled his paper, dug both hands into his pockets and walked away.

"Of course the loser mustn't be . . ." began Uncle William.



BARNEVELD, NEW YORK.

Dear Editor: We should like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. We go to the Unitarian Sunday School. Our minister is Rev. W. A. Taylor. The book that we study in our class is "The First Book of Religion." This is our first letter to *The Beacon*.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES MAHONEY,
JACK GOSHAW.

175 MIDDLESEX ROAD,
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am nine years old and go to the church school in Chestnut Hill. It is a Unitarian church. I should like to belong to The Beacon Club, and so please send me a button. You will find some poems for the Cubs' Column.

My best friend's mother was the first to be married in our church.

I should like to have one of the members my age write to me. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

Much love,
ANN MESERVE.

60 RIDGE ST.,
MONTPELIER, VT.

Dear Editor:—I should like to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear its pin.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday School and my minister's name is Rev. Mr. Nichols. My Sunday School teacher is Miss Ellis.

I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade.

I should like to have some girl of my age correspond with me.

Your loving friend,
BETTY LAIRD.

The following new members have been added to the Beacon Club.

Leona Mansfield, Bangor, Me.; Ella Robinson, Ellsworth, Me.; Mary Archibald, Houlton, Me.; Mildred L. Willard, Orono, Me.; Josephine Norton, Janet M. Cook, Dover, N. H.; Bob Oldham, Barbara Frost, May Ferrier, Winnipeg, Man.; Esther L. Foley, Dodson, Va.; Martha and Helmut Schillinger, Tulsa, Okla.; Eleanor Smith, Houston, Tex.; Mary Parmly Sacks, St. Louis, Mo.; John Booth, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Cubs:

Here is one of your own poets telling us of the "whispers of Spring," — Rosamond Cook, of Leominster, Mass.

THE EDITOR.

Spring

BY ROSAMOND COOK (AGE 12)

Spring at last,
And winter is past.
The bluebirds sweetly sing
"Spring! Spring! Spring!"

Each little bird builds a nest,
Where snake nor cat will be a pest;
Each little flower pushes its way
Up through the earth to brighten the day.

Each little bear hears the whisper of spring,
And up he gets to make the woods ring,
Shouting for joy —
"Spring! Spring! Spring!"

Story of a Library Book

BY JANE DEXTER (AGE 12)

PART II

THE boy walked lazily out of the library. Then bumpety-bumpety-bump, down the steps, and into the busy streets, with me in the crook of his arm. He had been walking quite a distance when he suddenly turned into a spacious driveway, and walked to the veranda and put me in a wicker chair, where I fell asleep, being tired of standing so long. After a while I was awakened by a jerk from the sticky hand, and taken into a dimly lighted hall. Then from there into many large and well-furnished rooms, and finally into a room which was very neatly furnished. It had a cream-colored bureau with flowers painted on the top, two straight chairs and a rocker of the same pattern. In the corner was a very neat bed with a starched spread and neat pillowcases. In another corner was an upholstered chair covered with a cretonne of many shades. Into this the lazy boy slouched, holding me in an upright position. After a long time, or what seemed a long time to me, he laid me down, and I fell asleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but I was awakened and taken under a light and read until a voice called out, "Reginald, go to bed at once." I was angrily thrown into the cretonne chair. From the

Enigma

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 8, 7, is something to eat.
My 5, 6, 7, 11, 2, is something unusual.
My 10, 3, 4, 9, is not more.
My whole is the name of a town in Maine where there is a Unitarian Church.
JOHN THOMPSON.

Twisted Flowers

1. Lberaleh
2. Tnagnei
3. Cshauif
4. Oscure
5. Ulemonbei
6. Nbgeaio
7. Tfgrmoeotne
8. Narotinca
9. Fusonerwl
10. Acitapeh
11. Ltvioe
12. Saldypirlpes
13. Naguermi
14. Pluit

DORIS PROCTOR.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 32

Enigma. — *The Beacon*.

Beheadings. —

1. Wheat, heat, eat, at, a.
2. Spinet, spine, pine, pin, pi, I.
3. Whist, hist, his, is, I.
4. Whiten, white, whit, hit, it, I.

Charade. — Cobweb.

force of the fall, I nearly broke my backbone, which some people will persist in calling my binding. The plodding of feet and quick undressing of Reginald was heard. Then the creaking of springs and the lights went out. At last I was alone to think over my troubles.

As I was dozing off I was awakened by a series of loud snores. Knowing I couldn't sleep with that going on I jumped up on to the window sill to enjoy the fresh air.

After a week of this life, which I disliked, I was at last taken back to "My Lady Love," whose delicate white fingers and neat pink nails caressed me back into my old place to live the life which would follow.